

Deborah Fousch

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a girl began her life
new to the fact that she had entered
a world of great beauty and strife.

All that she knew and cared for
was food, sleep and love
while a war in Vietnam
neglected peace of the white dove.

Two decades later
she's growing wiser with the years
her eyes are open wide
enjoying pleasures and fighting fears

Tuesday and Thursday of each week
among her peers she sits
in a large lecture hall
putting together the pieces and bits

about the Vietnam war
of which she is finally aware
trying to keep the truth distant
yet inevitably experiencing despair

What was the point?
How could humans kill?
Where were their hearts?
Who's hurting still?

The answers are many
and few at the same time
"let cannot be real!"
but then this poem wouldn't rhyme

Reading and absorbing
she ponders and cries
what is the lesson?
she reaches out and denies

If today there was war
and my brother was called to go
I'd hide him far away
tell the officials, "Sorry-no!"

Okay, deep down in the human heart
the violent tendencies are there
how easily are we swayed by evil?
leaving our minds and bodies to bear

the destructive war excitement
oh how it makes one grow
from young to old in minutes
killing felt as a high and as a low.

The war in Vietnam
summons interest, amazement, and tears
for those who had to live through it
fighting death for so many years.

I feel a need to see
a lighter angle in this dimension
concentrate, emphasize, develop
positive ways to ensure prevention

And Vietnam Vets of today
need the love and support of us all
it is time to talk about what happened
First open our hearts, let down the walls

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